

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Trees
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet-flowing
breast;
A tree that looks a' God all day
And lifts her leafy hands to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.
—Joyce Kilmer.

An Easter Painting

It was Thursday of Passion Week. There were not many visitors at the National Gallery in London, only the few who had to economize their time for sightseeing.

A young woman who wandered aimlessly about, had not the alert air which characterizes the usual tourist. She was pale, with heavy eyes encircled by dark lines. She wore plaid black; it might be mourning or it might not. She looked at the pictures without seeing them. Sometimes she sighed audibly, recovering herself with a start. Her whole aspect was that of one in hopeless grief.

At some distance from her, two others took lively, intelligent interest in what they had come to see. They were evidently mother and daughter. The girl was not more than seventeen. Her sweet face changed rapidly with every impression, as she looked at the different works of art; yet she was not oblivious to her surroundings. More than once she sent a pitying glance to the sad young woman, who seemed like a restless, aimless spirit. At length, she spoke in a low tone, and the closing words were a question, "May I, mother?"

The mother, doubtless not unused to her child's loving impulses, answered, "Yes, dear."

In a minute the girl had crossed the gallery, and was saying in a soft, entreating voice to the stranger: "Pardon me, but have you noticed this painting?" She indicated "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo. "Won't you look at it with me? It appeals to me much."

The young woman at first drew herself up rather haughtily; but, seeing the girl's face so refined and almost timid in its entreaty, she answered, "Since you wish it."

They stood before the picture, and no words were spoken for some minutes. Slowly, as if forced to come, tears gathered in the sad eyes, eyes which saw not, the risen Lazarus, not the adoring sisters, nor the startled crowd, but only the wondering Christ, full of benignant power.

The woman's lips opened, "It is possible!" she breathed. "He can do it! He will do it for her, also. I suppose I believed it before; now I feel it." She was speaking to herself, unconscious for the instant of any other presence. She looked long, and her face became illuminated. Turning to her companion she said:

"You brought me to what I needed, and I thank you. But how could you know?"

The girl had stepped aside, not to see the other's emotion. She answered: "I didn't know. I was so sorry for you. It came to me that I should feel as you looked if—if my mother—" She hesitated, and the young woman nodded.

"Mother is over there. Won't you meet her? She will comfort you."

Together they crossed to where the older woman was waiting. A hand-clasp was the only greeting.

"Come to our rooms with us," said the motherly voice, "for we cannot talk freely here." The invitation was frankly accepted. Sympathy, once admitted, was too sweet to be thrust out by one so utterly lonely. She told her story, short, and akin to many life stories. "I have been in Germany, she said, "studying art, and news came that my mother was ill. I was hurrying home to see her; but in London the cablegram met me not to come, for mother had not waited. She had to go without—without staying for me. You can't think how dreadful it was. My faith slipped away. Easter seemed a horrid sarcasm, and I couldn't bear its approach. I was so miserably

restless that I went to the gallery because I really couldn't stay by myself—not to look at anything. I thought everybody would be strangers, no one would know. When you asked me to look at the painting, I didn't care what I did nor what became of me. It seemed as if I couldn't live over Easter. But that face of Christ, how full of glad power! It all came back to me when I looked—the faith which she taught me. We shall meet again, mother and I. I can bear it now!"

She laid her head impulsively in the lap of the older woman, and her tears were full of healing.

"You shall stay with us over Easter Sunday," said this other mother, stroking her hair; and the homesick soul sick one breathed a low "Thank you."

If Easter morning dawned with hope to that despondent heart, it was because a young girl saw her opportunity, and was not too self conscious to use it.—Helen A. Hawley in *C. E. World*.

The Resurrection—Unique Fact of Christianity

In the empty grave of Jesus, the cornerstone of the Christian Church is laid. The resurrection of Jesus, changing the figure is the keystone of the arch of divine revelation. This empty grave gives us assurance that Christ's work of redemption was completed. Not alone on Pilate's cross, but in Joseph's tomb did that work receive its divine certifications as to its completion and acceptance. When Jesus Christ came forth in triumph from the grave, angels, men and devils were taught that his work was finished, and that his triumph was complete. He had himself staked all on his resurrection. He had affirmed that he had power to lay down his life and to take it again. In the most solemn manner did his resurrection ratify that affirmation, and fulfill this prophecy. It gives uniqueness to the Christian religion.

There are founders of other religions—Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed. These founders all died, but did ever one of them rise from the dead? Christianity stands alone in that respect among the religions of the race. The resurrection is the absolutely unique fact of Christian faith and hope. It thus comes to pass that Joseph's empty tomb is in unique harmony with Bethlehem's holy manger.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

ACCOMPLISHMENT

Pretty nearly all the joys of living are to be summed up in the word achievement. Both in sport and in work the achievement of a purpose is the thing that gives a man the greatest satisfaction. To feel that we are working steadily toward our aim, to see that the design is taking form under our hands, is to experience a satisfaction greater than any that comes to us through contemplation and leisure.

Often when the task is hard and long you feel that, if only you had it finished, you could be happy. Yet when it is finished you soon learn that in the freedom from it there is not so much pleasure as you found in the performance of it. You have indeed freed yourself from a companion of your thoughts, and you have perhaps nothing that at once can take its place. The joy of accomplishment that it had seemed you could never know until the accomplishment was complete, survives the labor only a short time; and, looking back, you see that it was in the effort rather than in the triumph that the deepest satisfaction lay. But you would never have realized that if the effort had not been crowned with the triumph of accomplishment. One of the virtues of accomplishment is that it makes us more keenly aware than we could otherwise be of the joys of struggle. There is no joy of struggle for one who always fails to finish.

Experiments in France have shown that natural turf is an excellent material from which to form beds for the filtering of sewage. A volume of between three and four cubic meters of sewage can be purified every day for every square meter of the surface of the turf.

Canadian Clippings.

TORONTO TIDINGS.

Miss Annie Perry celebrated her 87th birthday the other day, and is still going strong. She is almost invariable in her pew at our church every Sunday. She was at one time a teacher in the Belleville School, and is said to be the oldest deaf lady now living in Canada, if not in America.

On Sunday, March 30th, Mr. George W. Reeves spoke with telling effect on the "Church of God," its influence, its holiness, its meaning and its greatness in the modeling together of love and good-will among mankind, and described it as a marching army unto nobler plans and loftier ideals. Miss Ethel Griffith added more impetus for years, is progressing most favorable and hopes to leave the general hospital soon.

Mrs. Burrell, whom many will remember as Miss Annie G. Chisholm, when she was clerk and stenographer in Supt. Mathison's office for many years, is now living on Echo Avenue, in this city. She is now a widow, her husband having died on August 25th, 1917. She still takes the deaf warmly in her heart.

Mr. William Hunter, aged 86 years, who was struck by an auto at the intersection of Bloor and Bay Street, a few days ago, died of his injuries on March 29th.

The winner of the raffle at Loretto Abbey under the auspices of the Catholic deaf of this city, on March 30th, was the resident priest of the Diocese.

Mrs. Charles J. Pettiford had the misfortune to fall down the stairs of her home a short time ago, and badly bruise her right leg. She was carrying a heavy mirror at the time, but fortunately escaped being cut by the broken glass. She is now around again.

The topic which Mr. Shilton spoke on at our Epworth League on April 2d, was on the last deeds and death of Joshua.

Not long ago Mr. Horace Greig played a most ingenious prank on Mr. A. McGillivray that has since been the laugh of all. Having secured an empty barrel, a wax figure of a lady and a stout woman's dress, he proceeded to Mr. McGillivray's home just after dusk and quietly went to the front porch. Placing the barrel upside down and the wax figure on it, with the dress on, made it look every inch a real woman, facing the door with one hand pointing down on a basket of apples which Mr. Greig had also brought along. Thus the casual observer would mistake "her" for a real woman peddler in the grey dark.

After all was set, the joker pushed the door button and then ran and hid himself in a convenient place and waited. Presently Mr. McG. opened the door, but after, taking a look at the "lady and her wares" smilingly shook his head "No," but the "lady" did not move, much to Neil's discomfiture, who eventually closed the door against the supposed peddler and went and peeped out of the parlor window. Becoming impatient when he noticed "her" persistently standing at the door he went out again, and in a coma of forgetfulness as to the laws of etiquette, gave the "lady" a gentle push. Down tumbled the wax figure, barrel and all. Neil, seeing what a trick some one had played on him went in and sat down much perplexed. The perpetrator of this trick confessed several days afterwards that he was the culprit.

Miss Pearl Hermon, Miss Ethel Griffith and Mr. Horace Greig took a trip out to Birch Cliffe on April 5th, where they spent the afternoon and evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Bell.

On April 4th the Stork fluttered over the new residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walker and left a bouncing baby girl, who now bears the name of Alice Gerolamy Walker. Mrs. Walker was formerly Miss Marie Gerolamy.

Miss Nancy Patton got up a little surprise party on April 5th, in honor of Mrs. Daniel Gordon, at her residence on Pickering Avenue. To be frank, it was a treat beyond comprehension, and Mrs. Gordon was the most surprised individual for the

time being. Every one had a jolly good time.

Mr. H. W. Roberts took a jaunt out to Long Branch on April 6th, to visit his deaf friends there. This picturesque little hamlet, some eight miles west of Toronto, has now quite a little colony of the deaf. Those living there are Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timson, Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel D' O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gagnon and Mr. John Brown, who boards with his sister, Mrs. George Elliott. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Timson are not deaf, but are so conversant in our language that they are referred to as our own.

We are pleased to say that Mr. Robert Riddell, who underwent a very serious operation for an ailment that has given him trouble for years, is progressing most favorable and hopes to leave the general hospital soon.

As the time of our great convention at Belleville in June is drawing nearer and nearer, our friends all over the country are preparing themselves for the glorious trip to their *Alma Mater*. More than four hundred are expected to attend.

It may interest not a few to learn how Miss Sarah Templeton, a former teacher in our Alma College at Belleville, but now living in retirement in Edmonton, Alberta, came to be one of our former teacher. She was born in Belleville, and after graduating from Normal School, was appointed to the staff of one of Belleville's public Schools, and strange to say, she had among her pupils, Dr. Robert Mathison, Jr., eldest son of Supt. Mathison of the School for the Deaf, and it was through his son that Supt. Mathison heard of her teaching ability, and just a year after Mr. Mathison became Superintendent she was appointed to the staff of our *Alma Mater*, with which she remained until Mr. Mathison's retirement, nearly eighteen years ago.

A deep and gloomy cloud of sorrow was cast over our land of silence on April 1st, when the melancholy news came flashing over the wires with the sad tidings that Mrs. William Sutton, of Simcoe, was with us no more. On that day the Angel of Death had robbed us of a friend universally esteemed and beloved.

On that day Death had decreed that her useful and benevolent life was at an end. On that day the ruthless reaper had stepped in and severed a life partnership of fifty-one years of married contentment, and crushed all hopes of attaining the much cherished diamond stage, which very few ever attain. The late Mrs. Sutton was probably one of the most popular and best known deaf ladies in Canada. She was beloved by all classes of the community, on account of her frugality, kindness and lovable disposition. She attended the old Hamilton School away back in the sixties, and shortly after graduation was married to Mr. William Sutton, then of Charlotteville. Later they moved to Simcoe, where they have resided ever since. Mr. Sutton is very prosperous and wealthy miller, coal merchant, and lime dealer. He was formerly Reeve of Simcoe, Warden of Norfolk, Mayor of Simcoe, and candidate for Parliament. Mrs. Sutton was Miss Mary Hurley before her marriage. Her funeral, which was held on April 3d, was one of the largest ever held in Simcoe, evidencing the great esteem in which she was held. The floral wreaths were most beautiful, numerous and expensive. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton had no children, but their nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. William Baillie, have lived with them for years. Both are expert in the sign language, and Mr. Baillie is the present Mayor of Simcoe. Among the deaf who attended the funeral were Mrs. N. Moore and Mrs. M. Wilson, of Toronto, Mrs. Bamber Brown and Mr. Joshua Lloyd, of Brantford, and Mrs. Culver Bowby of Simcoe. We extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Doyle gave a charming tea on April 4th, in honor of Mrs. N. Moore and Mrs. M. Wilson, when a number were invited to partake of a delicious spread. After tea several more dropped in, where all had a pleasant time. Mrs. Doyle is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. David Sours, of Clinton, Ont., who are like herself, graduates of the Belleville School.

We were favored with a most logical, well defined and far-reaching address, given by Mr. Ben. Spicer, at our Church on April 6th. He took for his subject "Fear Ye Not" and "I Am Your Love." He handled his subject in a most masterly way, and forced it on like nails driven home. He asked us why should we fear as we are apt to do, as while the living One is so near to allay our tremblings at all times? It is simply a proof of our lack of faith. Why do we not depend on Him for He is our all a id.

Love? Mrs. J. R. Byrne ably interpreted for Mr. Spicer, who is a postal clerk in the Terminal office, where several of our deaf work, therefore Mr. Spicer is no stranger to us. We hope to have him again ere long, for he is of a winning way that stamps his popularity. Miss Pearl Herman added beauty to the sermon by graciously rendering "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The Brigid Club Bowling League has finished its schedule of games for this season, and the team captained by Mr. F. E. Doyle won the coveted prize. A full summary of percentages of the various teams and names of each will be given in the next issue.

Mr. Charles Ford went to Hamilton for the Sunday meeting on April 6th, while Mr. Asa Forester likewise went to Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. A. Grooms, of Napaneen, have been up on a visit to their son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Grooms, lately.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Nahrgang and family have moved from Ayr to new Dundee.

The writer wishes to thank your

Southern California correspondent for his kind remarks in regard to gathering in the news of the deaf of Canada. The writer of these items was not aware that so many deaf from the Land of the Maple were living in that sunny land beyond the Cascades.

Mr. A. H. Staubins, of Kitchener, was up in London over the weekend of April 5th, and conducted the service there on Sunday. He had good good turn-out.

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GALLAUDET HOME.

This is the first day of April! It is what we call "All fool's day," and as I sit here at my desk, and begin to write this message, it is snowing rather hard. Because it so often changes from sunshine to rain, this lovely month of April is often called a fickle month. Some one asks "Why should we have such a day as to-day?" and states that "It is only to make folks uncomfortable." But be this how, ever, as it may, most of us, young and old, like to fool others and be fooled in return.

The winter season, up in this section of the Empire State, was so mild and so little snow fell, it passed into spring almost imperceptibly. At no time was the snow deep enough to keep automobiles off the road or to afford good sleighing. For but a short time, early in February, there was just enough snow for snowballing and a little snow-shoveling, and just a little coasting.

One day late in March, I found Mr. Samuel Gardner at the long distance telephone in the ladies sitting room, and as soon as he left the instrument, I asked him if the small artificial pond on the farmstead had produced a good crop during the winter. He replied that the ice at no time was over four or five inches in thickness, and so the Home will have to purchase all the ice it needs this coming summer at Wappingers Falls. We had plenty of cold waves up here during the winter season, though they did not last long enough for the ice to thicken any more than it did.

Mr. Charles C. McMann came up here, on the thirteenth of March, and in the evening of that same day entertained the folks to his movie show. Rev. Herbert T. Merrill came along with him, and both gentlemen left for home the following day. Mr. McMann stated that Mr. E. A. Hodgson had enjoyed himself immensely while down in Bermuda, and was fairly and steadily on the road to recovery, and that when it is warmer, the editor expects to come up in his son-in-law's car to make the Home a short visit. Before leaving for home, Rev. Merrill delivered a short sermon in the chapel, and served communion to all who were wont to take it. On the 27th of March, Mr. McMann was here again to give the folks a movie show, which they immensely enjoyed. As some thing was wrong with the Home Ford, Mr. Samuel Gardner brought Mr. McMann down here from the railway station in his Nash touring car. The distance from here to Poughkeepsie is about six miles. Mr. McMann remarked that Mr. Gardner made the journey in less than ten minutes. Mr. Gardner is a good motorist. He has no mania for speed and is careful how he drives. He is a good mechanic and Jack of all trades.

Mr. C. Q. Mann, of Yonkers, who is looking pale and hearty, showed up at the Home, at 5 P.M., on Saturday, March 29th, and all received him with open arms. He delivered an address in the small chapel in the morning and afternoon of the following day, and left for home at 5 P.M. Ben Friday, for the sake of a ride, accompanied Mr. Mann to the station at New Hamburg. While here Mr. Mann as usual gave each of the men who smoked a fine cigar. Mr. Mann and his folks mourn the loss of their dog Jim, who died of old age in January last. Jim was a great playmate, whose antics made the household constantly merry.

Just where any large Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, like old Fanwood is situated, and what its surroundings are, is all very interesting to us deaf people. No doubt my intelligent readers will be deeply interested in what Mr. C. P. Fosdick has to say about the School for the Deaf at Danville, Ky., and its surroundings. His description of his *Alma Mater* appeared in a letter I received from him in the middle of March and reads as follows:—

"As you told me about your town and Home, I will tell you about ours, and will begin with the town, Danville, is in the center of Kentucky, in the blue grass country about 113 miles south of Cincinnati and about 230 miles north of Chattanooga. The railroad between these points is a main line of travel north and south, and we have a number of through trains daily carrying people from Chicago and other northern cities to Florida and New Orleans. Another railroad from St. Louis through Louisville connects with the other road at this point, bringing passengers from the west to the south. A third railroad, a branch of the Louisville and Nashville, runs about four miles south of Danville and connects Louisville with Knoxville and points south."

"Danville is one of the oldest towns in Kentucky. When the first settlers from Virginia came to Kentucky, they traveled what was known as the Wilderness Road, from Cumberland Gap through this section and on to the Kentucky River. One of Danville's streets was a part of this road and still bears the name Wilderness Road. The convention that adopted Kentucky's first constitution met here, and the house in which they met is still standing, but is now a negro tenement."

"About four miles east is Dix River. This runs about 14 miles where it joins the Kentucky River. Both rivers run through deep canyons, where they have cut their way through the limestone, so that the rivers are bordered on both sides by high steep cliffs, making very fine scenery. A power company is now building a dam near the mouth of Dix River that will be one of the highest in the United States, and which will form a lake thirty miles back from the dam. It will give electric power to all Central Kentucky. This city gets its water supply from Dix River, the pumping station being at the water level. When the dam is completed this place will be coved with water two hundred feet deep, so they are now building a new pumping station on top of the cliff."

As I continue to sit here and write it continues to snow, and it is now over two inches deep, and so it gives the country the appearance of real winter. If we are going to have warm sunny days this week, this fresh fall of beautiful snow will doubtless be short lived, and when it leaves us we may be overjoyed to see the flowers coming and the grass growing fresh and green.

All day long the folks here have had no end of fun fooling each other. When you know how very lonesome a place this really is, it may not at all surprise you to know that the inmates enjoy the fun. Some people think loneliness is a disease, and methinks it is. It is not the country that is lonely only. Thousands of people who live in large towns and cities suffer much from loneliness. Our deafness does much to make us deaf people lonely, chiefly because it cuts us off from all sounds. Our ability to perceive some such noises as occur around us are an immense comfort to us. Without our ability to perceive or feel such noises, our lives would be tremendously monotonous.

We are certainly a far more lonesome lot than our hearing and speaking brethren; but we feel sure we are, notwithstanding our handicap, in nearly every way as happy as they. The only way to be free from loneliness is to keep busy.

Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, who was at a meeting up in Poughkeepsie yesterday, April 3d, came down here early in the afternoon, and remained over night, and left for her home in the metropolis this A. M. While on her way here yesterday, the trolley car, in which she was journeying, stopped for about ten minutes to wait for the removal of a heavy truck that had stuck in the mud and slush on the trolley track. Samuel Gardner met Miss Gallaudet at the Four Corners with his fine Nash touring car, and brought her here.

If you take a steamer some day this coming summer, and go up the Hudson River as far as Albany, N. Y., the only bridge you will see across the river will be the old railway bridge across the stream at Poughkeepsie. There is much talk now about a bridge for vehicles and pedestrians being built at Poughkeepsie. It is already planned, though it may not be finished for five years to come.

In my last article I said that the new inmate, Mr. James M. Witbeck, was for many years employed as a pattern maker in the locomotive works up in Schenectady, while I should have said that he was a pattern maker in the General Electrical Works of that thriving town, and that same establishment gives him a small pension at the end of each month. On the third of next June Mr. Witbeck will be 73 years of age. That is, he will tell you with pride, the 102d anniversary of the birthday of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

Now and then some of the folks enjoy themselves watching the gyrations of two goldfishes in a large glass bowl on the table in the women's sitting-room.

STANLEY.

April 4, 1924.

Strawberry Festival
under the auspices of

St. Matthew's Lutheran Guild

— at the —

PARISH HOUSE
226 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, (one block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave.)

Saturday Evening, June 7, 1924
at 8 o'clock

Committee—Conrad J. Ulmer, Chairman, Mrs. Ulmer, Misses Christgau, Merkel, Prins, E. Berg, H. C. Borgstrand, A. Downs.

Nov. 13, 14 and 15, 1924

IS RESERVED FOR
FAIR

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Mrs. EDWARD RAPPOLT, Chairman.

WHIST PARTY & DANCE

GIVEN BY

Manhattan Division, No. 87,
N. F. S. D.

Guild Room
of
St. Ann's Church

Saturday Evening, May 3, 1924
at 8 o'clock

Cash Prizes in Games.

ADMISSION. — — 35 cents

OWLS' NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf
511 West 148th Street

April 26th, 1924, 8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION. — — 35 cents

Proceeds to go to O. W. L. S. Fund for needy college girls.

PACKAGE PARTY AND BALLOON DANCE

under Auspices of

New York Council No. 2, Knights
and Ladies De l'Epee

To Be held in Room 32, Third Floor,
Johnston Building, 8-12 Nevins
Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday, Evening, April 26, 1924

TICKETS. — FIFTY CENTS

LADIES—Bear in mind that if you furnish
the packages, you are cordially welcome
FREE. Bring your kiddies with you.

WILLIAM F. DALY, Chairman

"For Sweet Charity's Sake"

Strawberry Festival

for the benefit of the

Guild of Silent Workers of
St. Ann's Church

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1924

Including the Presentation of
The Laugh Getter

"STUMBLE INN"

An Original Comedy Staged under
the direction of

REV. JOHN H. KENT

ADMISSION. — — 35 CENTS

RESERVED

DECEMBER
13, 1924

SUMMER IS HERE AND SO IS

Little Coney Island

auspices of

Hebrew Association of the
Deaf

— at the —

S. W. J. D. BUILDING
40-44 West 115th Street

Saturday Evening, May 31, 1924

Prizes, Games, Etc.

ADMISSION. — — 35 CENTS

ELEVENTH ANNUAL

LEAP YEAR MASQUERADE BALL

Newark Division, No. 42

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

EAGLE'S HALL

28 East Park Street, Newark, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 26, 1924

MUSIC BY SUNSET SERENADERS

CASH PRIZES FOR LADIES AND GENTS

For the most beautiful, comic, or unique costumes

ADMISSION, EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS

Including Wardrobe and War Tax

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

ALFRED W. SHAW	Chairman
WALTER PEASE	W. ATKINSON
ALBERT BALMUTH	W. RAPP
CHARLES CASCELLA	C. PACE
J. GOLDEN	A. POLINE
J. LIPKIN	A. BARBAMO
A. DIRKES	C. QUIGLEY
J. KAMAN	F. KALTER

To Reach Hall: Hudson Tube to Newark; walk one block and turn to left around corner to Hall. Three minutes from the Tube.

FOURTH ANNUAL GAMES

—OF THE—

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Friday Afternoon, May 30, 1924

FROM 1:30 TO 6:00 P.M.

1. Pillow Fighting. 2. Nail driving, for ladies only.

3. Miniature Circus Show.

Events open to All.

1. 100 yard dash.	4. 220-yard Run.
2. One Mile Run.	5. 440 yard Walk.
3. 380 yard Relay	6. 3 mile Bike Race.

PRIZES—1st and 2d, each event.

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M. A., Principal of the Institution.

Events will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 27th, 1924.

Admission to Grounds, 25 cents.

July 5th, 1924

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

ULMER PARK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

AUSPICES OF SILENT A. C.

NOTICE

Saturday Afternoon, June 21, 1924

is the date reserved for

MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87, N. F. S. D.

Remember the date!

RESERVED

Jersey Division, No. 91, N. F. S. D.

AUGUST

2d, 1924

PARTICULARS LATER

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

This Space Reserved

FOR

ENTERTAINMENT

AT

BRONX CASTLE HALL

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

[BENEFIT OF BUILDING FUND.]



Whist Party and Dance

Under the Auspices of

Clark Deaf-M

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

FANWOOD ALUMNI BANQUET.

A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by those members who attended the Second Annual Banquet of the Fanwood Alumni Association, held at the National Board Y. W. C. A. Headquarters, on Saturday evening, April 12th.

In the commodious hall of the "Y," covers were laid for fifty-five, but several who had expected to attend were unavoidably absent. As one of the members remarked, it was not a banquet, but really a fine dinner, which is something different, as will be observed from the—

MENU

Fruit Cocktail
Roast Turkey, Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions
Turnips Giblet Gravy
Celery Olives
Hearts of Lettuce, with Russian Dressing
Cheese Crackers
French Ice Cream Little Cakes
Demi-tasse

With the coffee the Toastmaster, Miss M. L. Barrager, called the responses to the list of—

TOASTS

(Miss Myra L. Barrager, Toastmaster)

Address by the President, Mr. William H. Rose
Our Alma Mater.....Dr. Thomas Francis Fox
Our Teachers.....Mrs. John H. Kent
Fanwood in the Old Days.....Mrs. Mary L. Haight
For a Better School.....Rev. Mr. John H. Kent
When I Was a Boy.....Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty
Our Societies.....Miss Alice E. Judge
Athletics and Gymnastic.....Miss Wanda Makowski
"Fanwood" Poem.....Mrs. J. H. McClusky

The responses were more than usually apt and to the point, being pertinent to the occasion. The address of President Rose, and the remarks of Mrs. Haight and Rev. Mr. Kent, were received with attention, and were not only interesting, but presented food for serious reflection, proving that the alumni were alive to the best interests of their beloved Alma Mater. A silent tribute of respect to the memories of Miss Ida Montgomery and Miss Sadie Howard, both recently deceased, closed the formal celebration.

A "blowing" contest was one of the surprises of the evening, producing many comical figures and unexpected explosions. A second surprise was the marvelous sleight-of-hand performance of Mr. Kreuger which afforded considerable merriment; the affair reflects credit upon the efforts of the banquet committee, Mr. A. L. Baxter, Mrs. E. Rappolt, and Mr. Chas. Wiesmuth.

Those present at the dinner were President and Mrs. Rose, Miss Barrager, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Capelli, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cox, Miss Craig, Miss Eckels, Mr. Fogarty, Dr. Fox, Mrs. Haight and friends, Miss Hall, Prof. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Judge, Rev. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, Mr. Lamm, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. McClusky, and son, Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Moses, Miss N. Miller, Mr. Pach, Mr. Powell, Mrs. Ploud, Mr. and Mrs. Rappolt, Mr. and Mrs. Reiff, Mr. W. W. Thomas, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Wiemuth.

In the role of a good shepherd, Pete Redington added a Lamb to Brooklyn's No. 23 Division last month. And Mr. Lamb, by the way, was responsible for Pete's succession to the "Get One" degree column.

Mr. John H. Dobbs, who has been on the sick list for several months, is now almost himself again, and will shortly resume his duties as sexton of St. Ann's Church.

A baby boy was born on Monday afternoon, April 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Parkes (nee Lillian C. Capelle), weighing 8 1/2 lbs.

The Brooklyn Guild's Apron and Neekie Party will be postponed till May 17th, on account of other public affairs.

Miss Mary (Martin) Eicheler spent the Sabbath in Jersey, the guest of her sister.

Saturday evening, April 26th, at 8:15 o'clock, the Metropolitan Chapter of the OWLS will give an entertainment in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, 511 West 148th Street. The proceeds will go to the fund that is being raised by the Gallaudet College Alumnae to enable worthy but needy deaf girls to pursue the course of instruction at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. The program, which is calculated to refresh and divert jaded minds, will be carried out by real local talent. If W. E. Hill is present, this same local talent is certain to adorn full page in the *Sunday Tribune* in the near future. However, Mr. Hill may be unable to attend, so the deaf of New York should avail themselves of the rare opportunity, and be there in person to see how Miss Millionbucks selected her new Easter bonnet, and how the piquant Carmen—but that is a secret which will be given to the public only on receipt of the modest price asked as admission.

OHIO.

Mr. Jacob Showalter conducted a service at Springfield, on April 6th. A good crowd welcomed him.

Mrs. Carrie B. Littleton, of Bellaire, entered the Ohio Home on March 25th, and seems well contented there.

A Mr. Hogan, of Cleveland, has been in Columbus, and we hear that he has taken the Civil Service examination for some post office job. We hope he was successful.

Mr. Riley, of Bridgeport, who was in poor health, has been sent by relatives to the Mt. Vernon Sanitarium. He has steadily improved, and after gaining much in weight, feels hopeful of being strong again.

Mr. Charles Martin, of Columbus, went to Chicago with some bowlers and intended to call at the N. F. S. D. headquarters, but not having the address and being somewhat astonished at the numerous streets in Chicago, failed to find the place he most wanted to see.

The marriage of Miss Julia Westerman, of Jersey City, to Mr. Abraham Fink, a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, took place on April 6th, at the home of the bride. The ceremony was performed by a Rabbi of the Jewish faith. Many relatives and friends were present, among whom were the following deaf-mutes: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. N. Friedfield. The couple received many lovely presents, among which is a nicely furnished home from the father of the bride. After the ceremony there was dancing with music, and a fine supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Fink will live in their new home in Jersey City. Mr. Fink was educated at the 67th Street School.

There will be a jolly party at St. Elizabeth's Home, 236 East 15th Street, on Sunday evening, April 27th. It is under the charge of a bevy of the younger ladies headed by Miss Masie McLaren. Her assistants are Miss Callahan, Murray, Pearsall and Cameron. Everyone is invited to come dressed as a clown or similar costume. There will be appropriate games. It is for the benefit of the Home. Admission, 35 cents.

Campers at Plum Beach have begun operations for staking their outifts on the Sheephead Bay reservation. A queer thing about this stretch is no one is certain as to just who owns the peninsula. Some claim it is a U. S. reservation. Others that it belongs to Brooklyn. However, the Gabriels and the Covages have made an early move, and by the first of May hope to have their bungalows ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, of Lake George, N. Y., who spent the winter in Florida, arrived in the city last week, but before the end of this week may be on their way to their summer home at Lake George. While in this city they stopped at the Prince George Hotel on 28th Street.

In the role of a good shepherd, Pete Redington added a Lamb to Brooklyn's No. 23 Division last month. And Mr. Lamb, by the way, was responsible for Pete's succession to the "Get One" degree column.

Mr. John H. Dobbs, who has been on the sick list for several months, is now almost himself again, and will shortly resume his duties as sexton of St. Ann's Church.

Mr. Ralph H. Atwood celebrated his 86th birthday anniversary April 8th. Mrs. Atwood planned a surprise party on him, and his friends found him as spry as ever and in good health. A pleasant evening passed all too quickly. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neutzling, Mr. Mrs. W. H. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Grigsby, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cook, Mrs. Ed. Holycross, Misses Cora Uhl and Olivia Bruning, Messrs. Hartland and Thompson. All joined in wishing Mr. Atwood many happy returns of the day. Since Mr. Atwood's retirement on a pension, he has been living quietly at his home on Oak Street, where he has resided for more than forty years.

Mr. Leon Moreland, of Toronto, graduate of the Ohio school, recently gave an exhibition in cartooning at St. Matthew's Church at Bellaire. Those who saw his work said it was very fine.

Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Charles conducted impressive services at Trinity Church before a good audience. A small child of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas was baptized. In the afternoon Rev. Charles went to the Home to hold a service. A few Columbus people were there, and Mr. Elmer Eiseley brought them all home in his car.

Mr. Robert MacGregor, of Grove City, goes to Piqua tomorrow, where he will give a lecture, and a treat is in store for the deaf of Piqua and vicinity.

Miss Kramer, a teacher of the deaf in Japan, gave a talk to the pupils in the higher classes about her work among the Japanese deaf. She showed pictures and samples of work done by deaf pupils of the school in Japan. She brought a message of thanks for the money the

Ohio school is raising to help some Japanese orphans. The pupils in the junior class have charge of this fund, which has now reached \$170 or more.

The last few days have been ideal spring days and home gardens are being spaded, and here's hoping nice weather will remain with us and A. B. G be tempted to get back to Ohio, his garden and the JOURNAL letters.

April 11, 1924. E.

FANWOOD.

On Thursday evening, the 10th inst., the Members of the Fanwood Literary Association gathered in the chapel. Miss M. L. Barrager's class entertained with readings, and very interesting stories. Dr. Thomas F. Fox, President of the Fanwood Literary Association, gave a talk on "Current Events."

The program follows:—

READING—"Courtesy," by Daniel J. Fox.

READING—"What Caused the Death of Louis XV," by Jane Johnson.

READING—"Three Brothers," by Charles Magrath.

READING—"Thrift," by Frank Mansfield.

READING—"An Incident in a Stage Coach," by Harold Yager.

READING—"The Value of Curiosity," by Dorothy Jackson.

READING—"A Dream," by Daniel J. Fox.

Cadet Daniel Fox said that he hopes that his relay team will become skillful runners by practicing. Lieutenant Frank Lux, Physical Director, has decided to take them to Philadelphia again to compete with other teams in a mile relay race on April 26th, in the afternoon. He was very much surprised that Cadet Lieutenant and Band Leader Richard Pokorny, Cadet Lieutenant Bunn Shafrazenk, and Cadet Corporal Musician Frank Heintz practiced running every day. Cadet Daniel Fox and Cadet Drum Major James Garrick, Captain of the Track, are the veterans runners in Fanwood.

Mr. Luther Donathan, of Racine, Wisconsin, on his way home from a visit with his parents at Jackson, Miss., made a stop over in Columbus long enough to take in the sights. He at one time attended the school in Oklahoma.

Mr. A. B. Greener shipped a box of juicy California oranges to his home last week, with instructions to treat his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones can't decide which city—Columbus or Cincinnati—suits them best. They have moved from one to the other several times, and are now back in Cincinnati, but for how long we know not.

Mr. Charles Jacquet came near having a serious case of blood poisoning after getting his left hand injured while at work. He is now able to be about.

Word has reached us that Mr. Joe La Motte, of Bridgeport, was run down and killed by a truck while crossing a street in Cleveland, where he had gone in search of work. He had been employed in Wheeling. He was a good industrious man, charter member of the Eastern Ohio Advance Society, and well liked by all who knew him.

His funeral was held at his late home, with Mr. John Bremer interpreting for the Methodist minister who officiated. The Bellaire Advance Society and St. Elizabeth's Guild sent beautiful floral tributes. The pall bearers, all deaf friends, were Messrs. Huimes, Vanole, Werner, Moreland, Herold and Schuback. Mr. La Motte is survived by a widowed mother, three brothers and three sisters.

Messrs. Winemiller, Neutzling, Cline, Neuner and Mayer, are all great chicken enthusiasts, and each claims the finest flock, but Mr. Neutzling cannot be equalled by any one, and invites all to call to see them, provided they call in the day time.

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PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1588 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the Lenten service at All Souls' on Thursday evening, April 10th, the Rev. John E. Hill, Rector of All Saint's Chapel, preached a forceful and inspiring sermon on "Ways of touching Christ." Owing to the improvements in the church, all the services for the past two or three weeks have been held in the Guild Room of the Parish House, where, an improvised chapel was fixed up that served admirably for the services. In his prefatory remarks, Reverend Hill referred to the way the men and women of All Souls' "touched Christ" by working together to beautify his Church, and added that he was glad to have at his side to interpret his sermon, Mr. Joseph E. Lipsett, whom, as a member of his Church, he had known since he was quite young, or for about seventeen years. Eighty persons were counted at this service. The idea of having a different preacher at each service during Lent, seems to have had the effect of drawing out the deaf to the services more than ever before. Another effect and possibly a greater one may be the new friends Church Work among the Deaf has made through the services.

The dream of the parishioners of All Souls' to see their Church completely renovated in the interior on Easter Day, may not be realized until some time after the great Festival Day. The work of erecting a sky light in the tower over the chancel has just been completed in time for Palm Sunday, and now the walls and wood-work in the Church remain to be painted, which can hardly be done before Easter.

The small band of painters, who have been using their spare time for the work, deserve unstinted praise for their work as far as done, as do also the ladies of the parish, who have worked for many months to accumulate the painting fund of something over five hundred dollars. So the men and women have worked hand in hand for the improvements, and the saving effected may be counted by the hundreds. Besides the cost of this work, efforts are also being directed to accumulate a coal fund for next winter, and by Easter this fund is expected to reach nearly four hundred dollars, more or less. All of which seems a very creditable showing!

Frederick H. Miller, one of the oldest deaf persons in or near Philadelphia, died on Saturday, April 5th, 1924, aged seventy-two years.

The cause of death is said to have been heart disease, following an attack of indigestion. The deceased was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Board and Pine Streets.

He was a skilled carpenter, but owing to his advanced age, had not been doing much work in the last few years.

A strange coincidence is the fact that he died on his 45th wedding anniversary. He is survived by his wife and one or two grown up sons.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1924.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 8163rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - - - - \$3.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, - - - - - 2.50

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

SWINDLING

It is quite evident that the deaf of Washington and Oregon have accomplished a feat, by the arrest of a deaf-mute swindler, who was preying upon the sympathetic public of the cities along the Pacific Coast.

The printing of the picture has brought several letters identifying him as the individual who swindled the deaf and the hearing alike, first under one name then under another.

It has also established the fact that he is the notorious Eddie Sullivan, who was supposed to be doing a term in the State Penitentiary in South Dakota. It is stated that he was arrested at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, through the agency of Charles H. Loucks and Edward P. Olsen, and convicted after he had been identified by Frank P. Gibson of Frat Headquarters.

He seems to have gone at once into his old swindling ways immediately after his release from prison in South Dakota. For we next find him collecting from the deaf in Alberta, Canada.

Before suspicion was aroused in one place, he would change his base of operations. So we find him next in Seattle, Wash., but not before his swindling of the Canadian deaf was made known editorially by the JOURNAL.

By the cooperation of certain deaf-mutes, including Dr. Hanson, he was brought before the court in Oregon. He had a woman with him on this trip, which caused his undoing, for a sentence of several months was suspended by the Judge to give the Federal authorities an opportunity to convict him under the "White Slave Act," and he has been given four years at the Oregon stone pile.

But it will be well for the deaf everywhere to be on the watch. He is likely to be released by the sympathetic authorities before his term is completed, after the present excitement has simmered down and been forgotten.

In the East he is recognized as "Jackson," collecting for the deaf of Germany in Washington. In Altoona, Pa., he obtained nineteen dollars for a school in Moscow, where he said he had been a teacher for six years. In Aberdeen, South Dakota, he was working the public "to start a school for the deaf of Poland." As stated in the Altoona Tribune, under the caption "Deaf-Mutes Here Get Aid for Polish Waifs," the following paragraph was published in February, 1923:

"Charles Jackson, a deaf-mute citizen of Poland, born of English parentage, has arrived in this city, where he will solicit contributions for the relief of destitute deaf-mute boys and girls in that distracted country. Mr. Jackson's stay in this city will be but a short one, probably but two more days; in fact, the

Polish government allows him but three weeks in this country in which to obtain assistance for the needy in Poland. Of this time he has but one week more, and in that time hopes to secure a substantial addition to the sum he has already collected, which amounts to \$7,000.

"Mr. Jackson, who has no understanding of the English language, through an interpreter, stated that conditions among the deaf-mutes in Poland were appalling, and that relief for them was very urgently needed."

There is no doubt that the person was one and the same Eddie Sullivan.

A swindler whose operations covered the entire country has been caught and caged.

The lesson is, do not contribute to Funds presented by strangers, without making inquiries to find out their real character.

THE ordination of Dr. Olaf Hanson to the Episcopal ministry is cause for congratulation. He will be enabled to carry the comforts and teachings of religion to quite a large territory. He is specially fitted by both education and temperament for his holy office. We wish for him and predict for him a bountiful harvest of success.

WASHINGTON.

EASTER GREETINGS!

Spring is here. The whiteness of the Capitol dome shows through the early, greenish mist of leaves.

So this is Washington!

We, deaf, have no show in these investigations on the Hill, but we have some quite startling news about the deaf for the deaf.

The Washington Times of April 7th, contained the following article:

"Mrs. Mary A. Duvall came to Washington last week and registered at the Vendome Hotel, saying that she was from Boston. She said that she came here to seek a pension—for two of her sons, she said, were killed in the world war, and her husband was slain in the Mexican war.

"Monday night an alcohol stove in her room tipped over and she was burned fatally while extinguishing the blaze that followed.

"BETRAYED BY CARDS.

"Tuesday and Wednesday her body lay in the morgue at Emergency Hospital, awaiting Potter's Field. Then some one got busy and learned of her claims on the Government.

"Detective Sergeant Vermillion was assigned to investigate Mrs. Duvall's life in an effort to locate the money for the benefit of the Russian deaf. Several deaf were deceived of generous donations.

Miss Ruth Leitch was called to Owing, Md., last week to the bedside of her aged father, who was seriously ill.

Mr. Thomas Wood, formerly of Canover, Canada, an old friend of John Ulrich, of Detroit, is in the city. He has an excellent job in the Government Printing Department.

Miss Helen Waters will be married to Mr. Keith Morris, of New York City, April 26th. Congratulations.

Mrs. Samuel Hurwitt and daughter moved last week to New York City, where Mr. Hurwitt has a position.

Mrs. Morton Galloway was called to Delaware by wire. Her mother was hurt in an accident.

Met a matronly lady, who said she has a cousin, Miss Katherine Steffens, who is stone deaf, but is a wonderful proficient lip reader. She has the most sensitive fingers in the world. She "hears through her fingers," is talking over the telephone. At present she is employed in the Women's Department of the bowling division of the Recreation building in Detroit.

A hearing gentleman from the north was introduced to us last week, saying there was a surprise birthday party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Grimes in Battle Creek, Michigan last week, which he enjoyed immensely. The affair was riotous, yet there was not a sound of voices, the tinkle of music, or the rousing laughter which generally accompanies a party. Even during the wildest hilarity, he could hear a pin drop.

The latest news from Detroit are that Robert H. MacLachlan was baptized, March 9th, by Rev. Mr. Charles.

The St. Patrick Social given by the Ladies' Guild was well attended. Representative Main gave an address, and Mrs. Grace Davis acted as interpreter.

The result of the election of Detroit Chapter, Michigan Association of the Deaf last March, was as follows:

Ivan Heymann, President (re-elected); Thomas J. Kenney, Vice-President; Claude Ozier, Secretary-Treasurer (re-elected).

CHICAGO.

Ah, Old Lochinvar he came out o' the West.

A bundle of votes in his cowboyish vest,
But the tenderfoot-tykes of frat lodge
number one.

Feared no wild, woolly Westernish son-
of-a-gum.

Woe! Old Lochinvar's going back to
St. Paul.

With "Miss Delegate,"

With votes forty-eight,
With expenses all paid—swell hotel bills
and all.

And the moral of this: "Ware the
Wolves from the West."

Kind reader, I'll leave you to fancy the
rest.

Chester C. Codman, delegate!

John D. Sullivan and Harrison M. Leiter, alternates. Chicago delegation to St. Paul; casting the full weight of Chicago's forty-eight votes.

Codman's unexpected strength at the meeting of April 12th, may serve as a text for many a sermon on patience, pluck, perseverance and brain-work. Codman used to be the "Big Finger" around here, two decades back; but long ago he has taken the oiden cunning from his gnarled fingers and the old magnetism from his once-Sully-like person. The Codman of to-day is not the Codman of history. But Codman long ago decided he would like to attend the convention at no expense, stating that he could thereby greatly lessen the cost of a visit to his old friends and his holdings in Montana. So for several years Codman has been attending all the social affairs of the various churches, societies, lodges, and what-nots, buying tickets for every raffle, every hedge-podge, and every other form of sandbagging. I used to grin at the poor deluded politician, who thought he could build up good-will that way and cop the nomination I had my eye on. Well, the grin is on me. Codman got the office—while I was counted out on the very first ballot with only two meager votes. Two votes! And I cast one of the two votes myself. *Mea Culpa!*

The actual proceedings behind closed doors are of course not for publication. There seemed to be a host of fraterns in scarlet regalia—hats with orange lettering of the frat emblem and a big figure "I" Division officers' regalia was navy blue, while the several grand officers wore regalia of imperial purple. The meeting lasted from eight until after midnight.

Aside from personal pique at polling a paltry couple of pesky ballots, I might admit Codman's selection is better—for the general welfare of the society as a whole—than most of the other candidates. Better than the selection of either of the victorious alternates.

John F. Purdum, Impostor Chief of the Nad, was the only candidate running on a platform, mailing a statement on a postcard to each member.

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